

**DC**

THE MYSTERY AND MADNESS OF...

**20c**

WEIRD WAR  
TALES  
NO. 12  
MAR.  
34717

# WEIRD

## WAR

TALES



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# GOD OF VENGEANCE!

EDITOR: JOE ORLANDO • STORY: ROBERT KANEHERR • ART: GENEY TALAO

THE HANDS OF TIME DRIFT BEFORE THE DESERT WIND...  
UNCOVERING THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS, WHEN ANCIENT  
EGYPT WAS YOUNG—THIRTY CENTURIES AGO. THE  
HUGE STATUE OF THE FOX GOD STARES BROODINGLY  
AT THE VIOLENCE FLARING AT HIS FEET.

OH GIRL,  
HAVE MERCY—  
I BES THEE—  
DO NOT  
SHAME ME  
BEFORE THE  
EYES OF  
ANUBIS! HIS  
WRATH WILL  
BE TERRIBLE!

I, KASSUP—  
DO NOT  
FEAR A GOD  
WHO IS MERELY  
STONE!

YOUR  
GIVEN SKIN  
HAS HAUNTED  
MY DREAMS LONG  
ENOUGH, PINNA! I  
WILL CONQUER  
YOU JUST AS I  
WILL THE  
PERUVIAN!



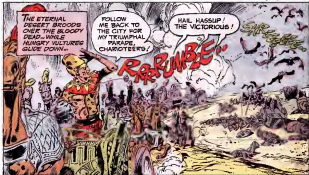
WHY  
YOU CLAWING  
CAT? I WILL  
TEACH YOU  
NOT TO  
RESIST ME!



NO—KASSUP—  
NO! DO NOT KILL ME  
IN THE TEMPLE OF  
ANUBIS! THY CRIME  
WILL NEVER BE  
FORGIVEN!







THE ETERNAL  
DESERT BRIGGS  
OVER THE BLOODY  
DEAD--WHILE  
HUNGRY VULTURES  
GLIDE DOWN--

FOLLOW  
ME BACK TO  
THE CITY FOR  
MY TRIUMPHAL  
PARADE,  
CHARIOTEERS!

HAIL HASSUP!  
THE VICTORIOUS!

RUMBLE



NO!--NO--  
HOW CAN I  
SEE XENO--?  
I SLEW  
HIM!



BESOME--XENO--  
YOU ARE A GHOST--  
A IMAGE--OF MY MIND!  
I FEAR YOU NOT!



SAND-  
STORM!



HOWLING  
WITH THE  
RUDES OF  
HELL, THE  
WIND HURLED  
A CURTAIN  
OF SAND  
OVER THE  
MOVING  
DESERT.

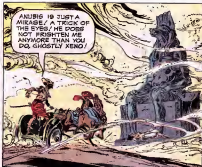
KEEP TOGETHER--  
KEEP TOGETHER!  
BEFORE THE SAND-  
STORM SCATTERS  
US...

WHOOEEEEE





SO--THAT'S  
WHAT YOU WERE  
GRINNING AT?  
ANUBIS OUT HERE  
ON THE DESERT,  
MILES AWAY  
FROM LUXOR!



ANUBIS IS JUST A  
MIRAGE! A TRICK OF  
THE EYES! HE DOES  
NOT FRIGHTEN ME  
ANYMORE THAN YOU  
DO, GHOSTLY XENO!



I DEFY THEE, GOD  
OF THE DESERT FOWNS/  
STONE OR ILLUSION--  
THOU ART POWERLESS  
TO AVENGE THY PRIESTESS  
DINNA AGAINST ME!

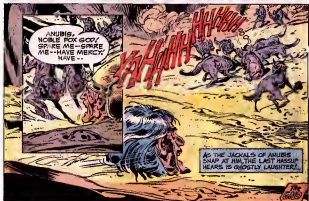


JUST A  
MIRAGE--  
AS I  
THOUGHT!



I DROVE  
INTO A  
RAVINE!





FOR 3000 YEARS THE DESERT HAS BEEN A FURNACE IN WHICH COUNTLESS ARMIES WERE CONSUMED LIKE MOths IN FLAME. ONLY ARABs, THE FOX GOD, REMAINS-- BARELY SCRATCHED BY THE GRAWNING TEETH OF TIME. SILENTLY HE STARES ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS AT THE HORROR OF WAR. THIS TIME IT WEARS THE FACE OF LEUTNANT KRANTZ, AN OFFICER IN THE ARABIA KORPS, LED BY THE "DESERT FOX" HIMSELF, GEN. ERWIN ROMMEL....

TALK, AMERICAN SCOUNDREL!  
THIS IS WAR! NOT SCHOOL BOY  
GAMES! YOU FACE A NAZI WHO  
WILL TEACH YOU THE MEANING OF  
SCOUNDRELLERY! IF YOU DO NOT  
ANSWER IMMEDIATELY, WHERE ARE  
THE REST OF YOUR TANKS?

# HAND OF HELL

WRITTEN BY ROBERT KANSHER

NAME, RANK,  
AND SERIAL NUMBER  
IS ALL YOU'LL GET  
FROM US, AMERICAN  
COHEN, SERGEANT  
409900.

K-POW



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THEM, HERR LEUTNANT! I WANT A FULL REPORT ABOUT THIS TRAGEDY! I DO NOT APPROVE OF senseless KILLING--

--ESPECIALLY IN THE TEMPLE OF THE FORT GOD!

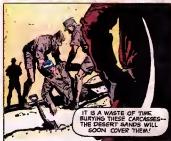


HE IS JUST A PIECE OF STONE, HERR GENERAL! LIFELESS! IMPOTENT! YOU... HERE GENERAL SOMMEL, THE DESERT FOX-- ARE THE CONQUERORS OF THE DESERT!



MEN SHOULD NOT ROT ABOVE GROUND LIKE REFUSE! BUTY THE DEADY AND PLACE THEIR POSTARS ON THEIR GRAVES SO THEY SHOULD NOT VANISH AS IF THEY DID NOT EXIST!

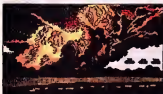
LEUTNANT, HERR GENERAL!



IT IS A WASTE OF TIME BURYING THESE CARCASSES-- THE DESERT SANDS WILL SOON COVER THEM!

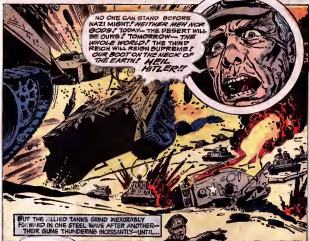


WHAT CAN ARMS DO TO AVENGE HIS PRIESTESS--? HE'S JUST A CRUMBLING STATUE!





HERE COMES THE  
ENEMY ON THE HEELS  
OF HIS BARRAGE!  
ADVANCE, FANCIERS!  
**ATTACK!!**



NO ONE CAN STAND BEFORE  
NAZI MIGHT! NEITHER MEN NOR  
GODS! TODAY... THE DESERT WILL  
BE OURS! TOMORROW... THE  
WHOLE WORLD! THE THIRD  
REICH WILL REIGN SUPREME!  
OUR BOOT ON THE NECK OF  
THE EARTH! **HEIL  
HITLER!!**

BUT THE ALLIED TANKS GRIND FIERCELY  
FORWARD IN ONE STEEL WAVE AFTER ANOTHER--  
THEIR GUNS THUNDERING incessantly--UNTIL...

THE FORTUNES  
OF WAR HAVE  
TURNED  
AGAINST US!

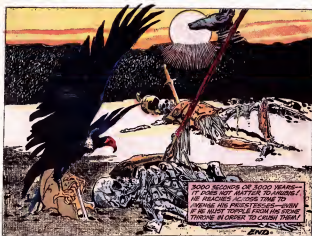
**FALL  
BACK!--  
FALL BACK!!**

IS-HOW IS IT  
POSSIBLE? WHAT  
WENT WRONG?  
**WHAT? WHAT?  
WHAT?**









## FOR A DIET OF DRAMA AND DANGER—READ DC's MENU!

TAKE ONE FROM COLUMN 'A'... AND ONE FROM COLUMN 'B'...



ON SALE  
FEB. 22

ON SALE  
FEB. 22

...AND AN HOUR LATER, YOU'LL WANT TO READ MORE  
DC COMICS!



THE HALF-SAVAGE, PAINTED TRIBESMEN OF BRITAIN SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO MATCH FOR THE TROOPS OF JULIUS CAESAR! TRUE, THE SMALL, UGLY CAVE DWELLERS FOUGHT LIKE CORNERED BEASTS. BUT IT WAS NOT THEIR SAVAGERY THAT TURNED ROMAN BLOOD TO ICE WATER! IT WAS THE STRANGE, DRID RITES THE SAVAGES PRACTICED THAT DROVE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF CAESAR'S LEGIONS!

# THE WARRIOR AND THE WITCH DOCTORS!

THEY FIGHT WELL, CLAUDIUS--THESE BLUE-EYED MONKEY MEN!

AYE, POLORIUS MAXIMUS! THEIR WEAPONS ARE BUT CRUDE WOOD AND STONE! YET TO SPLIT A SKULL OR SMASH A LIMB--THEY SERVE!

BRITAIN WILL BE YOUR GRAVE, ROMAN SOLDIERS! FOR THE DRUID GODS ARE WITH US!

SCRIPT:  
ARNOLD  
DRANE  
ART:  
DON  
PERLIN



A SPECIAL CAUTION WAS BORN TO THE SEASONED LEGIONNAIRE ALONG THE FOREST TRAIL--AND JEAN WAS ITS FATHER!



WHAT WAS THAT?!

ARE ONLY THE WIND! THESE DREAD WITCH-STORIES HAVE TURNED YOUR LIVER YELLOW, CLAUDIUS!

THEN, AS IF THE WIND ITSELF HAD SUDDENLY TAKEN FORM...



GREAT MARS! IT'S THE BLUE DEVILS! BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

WITHOUT A SOUND, THE DREAD PRIESTS LED HIM AWAY...



YES, I WALK! I WALK, BLUE WITCH! I DO NOT SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE! BUT YOUR DANGER, TRANSLATED, WILL FOR YOU!

THROUGH THE CHILL NIGHT THEY WALKED, UNTIL, NEAR DAWN...



WIT WAS, OF COURSE, STONEHENGE...

I KNOW OF THIS STRANGE PLACE! IT IS HERE THE PRIESTS WORSHIP THEIR GODS AND PRACTICE HUMAN SACRIFICE! AND I AM TO BE THEIR NEXT OFFERING!



GREAT DRUID GODS—  
TAKE THIS ROMAN  
WARRIOR AND DEAL  
WITH HIM IN YOUR  
WRATH AND WISDOM!  
WE SEND HIM LIVING  
TO YOU!

I KNOW WHAT  
HE MUST BE  
SAYING— THAT  
WITH THE SUN'S  
FIRST RAYS,  
I DIE!



AND, WITH THOSE FIRST  
GOLDEN DAGGERS OF  
THE SUN...

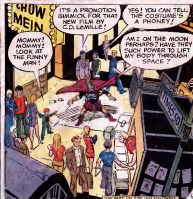
EYAAAA!

WHAT GLADIUS FELT THEN WAS  
NOT A KNIFE, BUT THE FANTASTIC  
SENSATION OF TUMBLING  
THROUGH A GREAT, BLACK  
FUNNEL IN SPACE...



AND, AS THAT WHIRLING  
NIGHTMARE CAME TO AN  
END, A NEW ONE BEGAN...

WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT  
HELL IS THIS TO WHICH  
THE DRUID PRIESTS  
HAVE DASHED  
ME?



WOWWY!  
WOWWY!  
LOOK AT  
THE FUNNY  
MAN!

IT'S A PROMOTION  
GIMMICK FOR THAT  
NEW FILM BY  
C.D. LEVILLIE!

YES! YOU CAN TELL  
THE COSTUME'S  
A PHONEY!

AM I ON THE MOON  
PERHAPS? HAVE THEY  
SUCH POWER TO LIFT  
MY BODY THROUGH  
SPACE?

THEN, AS DERISIVE LAUGHTER, "RE-SWITCHED" AUTO HORNS AND THREATENING HOTDOG VENDORS BECAME A WILD WAVE IN CLAUDIUS' HAIR...



AYEES! I CAN STAND NO MORE! WHEREVER THIS IS, IT IS A LAND OF LUNACY!



BUT A FAR MORE FITTING GREETING FROM THE 20TH CENTURY AMYNTAS, CLAUDIUS IN THAT ALLEY.

OKAY, ACTOR-- THAT'S IT! DROP YOUR WALLET FROM UNDER THAT PUMPSKI-- OR I'LL GIVE YOU A PART YOU WON'T LIKE!

I DO NOT-- CHOWIE! UNDERSTAND THE WORDS-- BUT-- JARRASH! -- I HAVE MET THE INTENT BEFORE!



LET THERE BE AN END TO THIS!



STOP! I SAID STOP-- OR I'LL FIRE!

WHAT JUSTICE IS THIS-- THAT THEY WOULD KILL THE VICTIM OF THE CRIME?!



TERRIFIED BY THE CLARE AND BLAST OF A WORLD SEVENTEEN CENTURES YET UNBORN, CLAUDIUS FLED...



FORWARD, ROMANS! KELTFORD SHALL BE OURS BEFORE ANOTHER SUN RISES ON THESE ACCURSED BRITONS!



PICTURES MADE OF LIGHT— THAT TALK! GREAT! 'WOULD! IT SHOWS ROMAN LEGIONS!



IT IS KELTFORD! I RECOGNIZE IT FROM DESCRIPTIONS OF OUR PRISONERS! AND SEE— THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF BRITONS WAITING TO AMBUSH US!

IT IS A PORTENT! I HAVE SEEN THE BRITONS' FORCES AND COULD WARN MY GENERAL OF THE DISASTER AWAITING HIM! BUT I AM A PRISONER OF PRIDE MAGIC!



BUT IT IS HIS ANOTHER SERGE WHIRL AWAITING THE ROMAN WARRIOR!



I HAVE BEEN RETURNED!



THE ROMAN GODS ARE NIGHTIER THAN THE DRID HORRORS!



NOW THAT I'M FREE, I CAN WARN POLONIUS MAXIMUS!





GOOD THAT YOU WISHED ME! I HAVE DISPATCHED A CALL FOR MORE TROOPS! SO GREAT A VICTORY WILL ASSURE ME A PAGE IN CAESAR'S BOOK!

BUT FINE HAS STILL A FINAL TWIST FOR THESE STRANGE STRANDS...

THESE ARE THE TEN THOUSAND TREASURES YOU SAW HERE--THESE THREE OLD WOMEN? YOU HAVE SHAMED ME BEFORE ALL ROME!

WRY, POLONIUS MAXIMUS! IT WAS TRUE! I SAW IT!

THE DRUM PRESTES--THEY MEANT TO DISPATCH ME TO HADES! YET I DID SEE THE FUTURE! AND THERE IT IS BELIEVED YOU SLAUGHTERED 10,000!



WOULD IT WERE SO!



THEN IT IS ASKED: WE WILL NOT DISAPPOINT THE FUTURE! I WILL WRITE A DISPATCH TO ROME!

THREE TIMES THREE THOUSAND BRITONS LAY IN JAMBUSH FOR US AT KILTFORD...

CLIVER, CLIVER! I WOULD WAGER MORE BATTLES THAN THIS HAVE BEEN THUS WON! KA-HA! KA-HA!

IT HAS BEEN THAT WAY SINCE WARS BEGAN-- SOME GIVE THEIR LIVES IN THE NUMBERING NIGHTMARE OF BATTLE AND LIE UNKNOWN BENEATH ITS RUBBLE! OTHERS, WIELDING ONLY A GOLD PEN, BECOME MONUMENTS IN TOWN SQUARES! FOR THERE IS NO JUSTICE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF--

WEIRD WAR...



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT FEB. 1957



ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO: A.P.O. WEIRD WAR TALES, NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS INC., 955 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

Dear Joe,

Your art and scripting represented in the works of DeZuniga, Harper and Adams, and Robert Kanigher have made *Weird War Tales* 40's unique and enjoyable magazine, insured only by the sleep-happy handling of the letters column.

Letters stating how "neat" and "good" and "likable" a recent issue was aren't completely bad in themselves, but when that is all these letters consist of, I see little use in taking an entire page with them.

You asked for well-written, well thought-out, constructive letters for printing, but what you've been printing have been little more than sentences and paragraphs from fans stating that *Weird War Tales* is now their favorite mag. It seems contradictory, doesn't it?

With the advent of the Academy of Comic Book Arts and other organizations attempting to promote the graphic novel as an art form, perhaps you could start within the industry, within your own letter columns, and "clean it up." If you will, it there be the only type of letters you receive, then I personally would rather see another page of story.

As for the stories themselves, they are a credit to the industry. Tony DeZuniga has a flare for war stories and tales of the macabre, and a book the culture of *Weird War Tales* seems to suit Tony fine. Adams' art, too, has a power and style all its own. And, of course, Kanigher is a master at telling stories of war.

*Weird War Tales* is presented on impressive lineup. I only wish the letters page could boost as much.

David Chamberlain  
Portland, Oregon

Dear David:

As they say on television, "What You See is What You Get." The type of letters you are complaining about are the only type we have received. When we don't, other types will see print as well. Yours, for example.

We asked for intelligent letters, and we meant it. We will not edit them down to a sentence or two, making the writer seem foolish. We will be glad to print lengthy (though not too lengthy) letters, as long as they will be of interest to our readers. As for not printing the shorties, we disagree. There are many different readers who read in letters, and if we get a nice short letter, we will print that next to a longer, more inspired missive. Anyway, keep sending in your letters and hopefully our column will soon begin to change. Remember, this column can only be as good as the letters we get.

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Dear Joe,

Once again you've taken over a DC mag from another editor (this time Joe Kubert), and once again the improvements are more than obvious. *Weird War Tales* is to be the best issue yet. The best part about it was that it was all-new. Joe Kubert seemed to use reprints too freely.

Intentionally striking Adams cover. I hope you plan to continue using *Death in Uniform* as a story teller for continuity's sake. This is one of the things I really like about your weird books.

To tell the truth, I didn't really care when I heard that WWT was going monthly because of the way Kubert was handling the book. But now, after seeing your first job on *Weird War*, I'll be anxious each and every day overjoyed that it will be out every month.

Great work. Keep it up.

Duffy Vohland  
Clarkburg, Ind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Joe,

I'd never bought "*Weird War Tales*" before, but when I saw the cover for #8, there was no stopping me. I HAD TO PICK IT UP. Ser none, that cover had no equals in this month's releases.

Oh, the interior was nice, too. But that cover . . .  
ZOWIEEEEE!

Larry Bruckey  
Merriwille, Ind.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Joe:

I tell you, I really didn't know what to expect when I first heard that Joe Kubert was leaving *Weird War Tales*, but after seeing your first issue, I'm ecstatic. I think you did a really commendable job.

DeZuniga has always been one of my favorite artists, but this time he totally exceeded himself . . . beyond all expectations. Man, can that guy draw . . . war stories, mystery stories, westerns. Is there anything he can't do? He even did a good Superman story for you, so it seems to me that he is a complete one-man army of illustrators.

The stories were all good, although I tended to like the one with the Golden Bell. Kanigher has this way of making an absurd premise work, and he did it commendably this time out.

Your story by Harper suffered. I saw how Neal Adams was able to pack it up, but I could also see that Harper really wasn't that much of an artist. I do feel that the story was well written, however . . . It is just in the art that it fell down. But then Harper is a new artist (you people seem to be getting a lot of new artists lately) and I expect that he will improve as time goes by. Of course, you were very smart to give him an inkie like Adams. Adams can make anything look good . . . and it shows in the fantastic cover he did for this issue.

Anyway, I am really going to look forward to *Weird War* in the future. Past issues have had a few notable stories, but this book, under your editorship, should really soar.

Keep up the good work. You have the ghost of Joe Kubert checking you out.

Art Stampler  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Art,

What do you mean by "ghost"? Joe is still healthy, and much stronger than me . . . It's his hat I may have to watch out for, not his spirit.

Remember, readers, we want all your letters, so start sending them to APO *Weird War*, c/o National Periodical Publications, 955 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022.